MONEY IN QUEER PLACES.

THE TROUBLE MADE BY THOSE A Betretten's Experiences - Work that Timorous People Make for their Heirs and Administrators Puzzling Cases Solved,

From the Philadelphia Press. When you see a man wearing a thread-bare suit of clothes and looking like a farmer or a poorer or more carsless person, as far as personal appearance is concerned, you should not set him down for a poor man without further examination. He might, for all you may know to the contrary, have a belt around his watst, beneath his clothing, containing a fortune in bonds, diamonds, or other pleasing things to have. This is one way men have of concealing their money for fear of being robbed of it by the

banks and the wily confidence man. Once burned, twice shy," is an old saring which is characteristic of many people, and as true as gospel. To many men of means half the world is composed of people, both male and female, who stand ready to get from him his money by foul means, while the other half are on the watch to get away with it by what they call fair dealings, but it may not always be characterized as such. Your rich man never dresses in the height of fashion, nor does ne make any loud display of his wealth. You will look in vain for a man of wealth who makes any look in van for a man of weath who makes any exhibition of it upon his person, for history fails to record any such, and if you will think them over—those whom you have met and those who have been pointed out to you—you will agree that it is generally the fellow with an empty purse who wears the best raiment, displays the gaudiest colors, and sports the loudest and most ownly isoriers.

erreiry. And way that a very thing the constant part of the weater, but I have concluded that together with this praiseworthy refinement invariable goes a fear of being taken advantage of or being brought into notoclers. I state what I know for a fact when I see that the millionairs dry goods merchant, Alexander T. Stewart of New York, for years before his death, was in constant fear of of being taken advantage of or being brought into motor lets. I state what I know for a fact when I see that the millionaire dry goods merchant, Alexander T. Stewart of New York, for years before his death, was in constant fear of being kilhapped and held for ransom. I think he was no? for away from the facts. The stealing of his body from the grave seemed to prove his fear weil founded, and there is no doubt that he had been warned in time and took the prevaution of avoiding sectinded places and never went out into the street without an attending detective at his heels. He seldon rode in his carriage in town—his dress was of the simplest character and he never wore fewelry of any kind. Without exception, it is the fear of being robbed or taken advantage of, in one way or another, that causes peoplo with money to hide it in out-of-the-way places, where they can have an eye upon the hiding, places, and, if suspicious of interference with it, turn it over and ascertain without delay if it is all there.

Your grandparents used to hide away their money in an old teapot, which was placed out of the way, on the top of the china closet, you remember. You have read in the newspapers times without number of bank notes being found within the covers of old family Bibles, in the toes of old shees, sewed up in the Haings of old clothes, buried in the cellar, hidden in the hidlengs of old clothes, buried in the cellar, hidden in the hidlengs of old clothes, buried in the cellar, hidden in the hidlengs of old clothes, buried in the cellar, hidden in the hidleng place. Anywhere will do, so long as it is an unfrequented spot or an article not in use. The broken teapot has always been a favorite avings bank for the farmer and his wife, as well as for many others, because it has lost its assertiness, excepting as a reminder of the past and for its fading places, of their possessions.

"Eccentric," he replied, "because they did not seek the aid of such na asylum as n safety of their wealth, where they have made a fortune for me by

money. Its right after the banks break that the old stockings and teapots are brought into requisition."

"Have you any method in searching for hidden wealth?" I asked of the detective.

"You cannot have any set method," he replied. "but there have been many cases that came under my observation similar in their circumstances. Set methods are only liable to defeat the end in view. My manner of work must depend wholly upon the circumstances, and the character, habits, and surroundings of the hider of the wealth sought for, which have first to be considered. It is well, also, to possess a good knowledge of human nature, and when I get hold of a thread I find it necessary to turn it over and over so that I may trace up other and more important facts, for these are guide posts of the greatest value to the detective. Even what may appear to be the most valuable to point the way to success in my search.

"Complicated methods are the characteristics of the miser, but you must not jump at the conclusion that all people who hide money are misers, coutinued the detective. "To illustrate that the simplest clues point in the right direction for the searcher, I will tell you of one experience in a search after rich effects of a

misers," continued the detective. "To illustrate that the simplest close point in the right direction for the searcher, I will tell you of one experience in a search after rich effects of a man who died where he had lived, in that muchabused State of New Jersey. I was called in to search for the leavings of this man, who had died suddenly and left no visible trace of his money or bonds. He had left a family who were aware of his wealth, and that he always had money at his command, but where he kept it was a mystery then, as it always had been during his life. They had made a careful search among his effects before my arrival and failed to find any bank notes or other tokens. Not even a clue could be found, and it looked like a hard riddle to solve for the detective. It was a forlorn hope, they thought.

"They did not know what I learned at the beginning of my experience as a detective, that the most difficult appearing cases generally prove to be the simplest when common sensewhat in homely language is called horse sense—is brought into requisition. In this instance I learned that the deceased was not a miserly man, and concluded that his method of heling must have been a simple one. I took a look around me and made a few inquiries. He was a man of years, and had passed much of his life as a sailor upon the ocean. The room where he sat most of the time hore evidence of his having lived on shipboard. His people said they had searched all over the house, torn up the flooring, and done everything, even to searching the house of friends whom he had visited when, as frequently happened, he strayed from home on a visit. All this was to no purpose.

"The fact of his wandering abroad convinced me that his money was not secreted anywhere

on a visit. All this was to no purpose.

"The fact of his wandering abroad convinced me that his money was not secretal anywhere about the house, but that in some place about his person he had hidden the property, and perhaps hidden in his clothing I would flud it. I saked for his clothing and was informed that it was of the oldest possible kind, and his wife remarked that she could not get him to wear anything new or decent. When I asked to see his old clothing the family told me that they bad been all through it with knitting-neclles, torn out the linings, and fluding nothing after what they considered a thorough search, they had given the rags away. But I had formed my theory of the case from two facts, namely, that of his having been a sailor and able to use needle and thread, and that he clung so tenacionaly to his old clothing, not being a miser, I lansted upon the clothes being brought back, and to the astonisment of the family when I ripped off the wide bindings of the coat and vest I showed them the wealth they had searched for in vain, nearly folded and securely hidden. There were four \$10,000 bonds tightly creased and wrapped around with olded silk.

"I would give more for a good guess than for any systematic method or a cut-and-dired plan to work on. It is a practice with criminals to hide their money and valuables as far away from their honeys and valuables as far away conceas his valuables near his abaining piece. I will tell you of another instance in prost of the latter assection.

"More than thirty years ago I was called to a "more than thirty years ago I was called to a "more than thirty years ago I was called to a "more than thirty years ago I was called to a "more than thirty years ago I was called to a "more than thirty years ago I was called to a "more than thirty years ago I was called to a "more than thirty years a

they had pulled it all to pieces and found nothing there.

"I got the brother to sit down in the chair and look in the direction which the decreased generally took, and found that he had constantly kept in sight an old, used-up pump. I learned that when he walked out he went straight to the pump and then made a bec line for the pond. I had the pump taken up and we dug down deep beside it, but found nothing. I then returned to the room and stood at the window. It was a happy thought to search the window sill carefully, for I gound there a faint and peculiar mark. It was a surveyor's point. I lined it up to the pump and measured the exact centre of the line. At a depth of four feet we found a two-lush steam pipe. Both ends were pingged, and concealed within was the fortune of that man in bonds and certificates of stocks and bills to a great amount. For my services in that case I carried away a \$500 bill.

"This case was soon followed by a search for \$32,000, which a paralytic had in his hand a few moments before his death, which had occurred like a stroke of lightning," continued the detective. "Before I was called in the family, as usual, had made a thorough and exhaustive search, as they supposed, and left me only the house turned upside down and all traces destroyed. In this dilemma I sought the doctor. and told him of my trouble. He suggested an examination of the body. I did this and found a mark on his hip which had been made by the metal edge of some household utensil, an indendation from the edge being plainly marked. There was also a bruise upon his knee. I concluded that he had fallen, clutching the money, over some metal vessel, and expired, as he was found upon the floor.

"But there was no article fitting the theory in the room. The people who had preceded me in the search declared that there was nothing of the kind in the room at the time of death. Still, I felt that I was on the right track, and after a look around the house I found an old coal hol in the cellar, and among the rubbish in it was the they had pulled it all to pieces and found noth-

STOCKING A GREAT AQUARIUM. Methods That Are Very Simple, but All

methods about the second state of the presence of any of the bright periodical state of desperation, the chances are that if yet and the second state of the presence of the second state of the second of t

WOLVES IN THE MAINE WOODS. Are They Returning with the Beer from the Forests of Canada!

That a wolf was shot a few days ago near a lumber camp in Piscataquis county. Me., is a circumstance that all hunters of antiered game in the Pine Tree State must view with concern. The appearing of this animal so far within the borders of the State is eminous of an invasion of wolves from Canada, attracted to the Maine woods, as are the city sportsmen, by the extraordinary abundance of game. Unlike the gen-

their following the deer and carhout in the mirror availables near age I was adding by the control that year about 10 has been appeared to have control to have the mirror assertion.

"More than thirty years age I was added to a house in Orange county. N. Y., at the response of the mirror assertion in the present of the propose of the second in the propose of the

OLD TIMES IN TOMBSTONE

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ordinary abundance of game. Unlike the generality of human hunters they observe no close time, and no restrictions limit their slaughter.

For more than thirty years the wolf has been a rare animal in Maine, where in early history he ranged in packs, destroying the farmers slacep as well as the moffensive creatures of the woods, and sometimes attacking the belated travelier upon wood roads or chasing hunters into camp. Their general disappearance from the Maine forests was supposed to be due to their following the deer and caribou in the migration that great herds of these creatures made into New Brunswick and Lower Camada many years ago.

the Earps began to get tired; in fact, their BICYCLER AND PANTHER.

WHEELMAN'S ADVENTURE IN THE OREGON WILDS.

Moment that Required Good Nerve and Stendy Aim and Faith in a Weapon that Was Not a Bit too Formidable, From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Philip Keefe, an Ohio boy and a first-class cylist, who recently came to Oregon, had a thrilling encounter with a punther on one of his longly country rides - an experience that is given to few to escape so luckily. The mementoes of the affair are a freshly healed scar on the side of the young man's cheek and neck, and in the rooms of a city cycling club, of which Keefe is a popular member, is a panther's skin which always attracts a visitor's attention. One Saturday afternoon in the latter part of

September, Keefe, together with a companion, Will Curtis, mounted his wheel and set out for

September, Kecie, together with a companion, Will Curtis, mounted his wheel and set out for Portland, for a fifty-mile ride into the edge of the Caecade Mountains. Their objective point was Wilhoite Springs, an obscure little watering place hidden in the mountains some fifty miles contheast of Portland. The soda springs are reachable about two or three months in the year, and in that short period the place is tenanted by campers—mostly from the country, because it has hardly reached that degree of prominenes to induce residents of the city to endure a long, rough stage ride to reach the springs.

Keefe and his companion were bent on an over-Sunday trip to the springs. The start was made shortly after noon on Saturday, and from their alight acquaintance with the road they believed they could cover it by dark. For the first half of the distance there was a fairly good road, and the boys made good time. The country was rolling, and the road, except for an occasional guich, was satisfactory. Twenty miles out, however, Curtis bit a hig boulder at the roadside with his pedial, twisting it so badly that further riding was out of the question.

There wasn't a house in sight at that point, and all that could be done was to turn around and start back on a walk. Keefe resolved then to make the trip alone and let Curtis reach home as best he could.

"Since you must go, then, better take this with you-you might see sunjirels, you know," and curtis held out a 32-calibre pistol to his friend.

"Thanks, old man, I'll carry it, if you think I should; but, pshaw! I'll not see anything, and, besides, you'll need it yourself, perhaps."

But, Curtis peristed and finally the friends.

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"Since you must go, then, better take this with you-you might see squirrels, you know," and Curtis held out a 32-calibro pistol to bis friend.

"Thanks, old man, I'll carry it, if you think I should; but, pshaw! I'll not see anything, and, besides, you'll need it yourself, perhaps."

But Curtis persisted, and finally the friends parted, Keefe set out as fast as he could toward the springs, and Curtis started waiking back with his disabled wheel and abusing his luck. Keefe was soon lost to view over a low, long hill.

At last the open country began to disappear and one or two stretches of timber were passed. About ten miles from the springs the cyclist found himself following a road in the base of a valley that wound around foothills with occasional stretches of timber. When he crossed Bietaner Creek the sun had begun to get so low in the west that in the timber it was already dusk. The road wound up gradually around a mountain side and then descended again into the valley between the two high mountains. Then he struck the timber line where the well-beaten track ran right and left among the forest trees, whose blackened bodies told of the ravages of a recent forest fire. Here and there a tree had fallen across the road and had been cut in two to make a passageway. As the gloomy shadows deepened among the trees the scene became more desolate, and the loneliness, silence, and fast-waining twilight urged the wheelman to press forward eagerly in the dizzying, zigzag track. The cyclist bent forward over his handle-bars, watching keenly the course of the woodland road to avoid a possible mishap from an obstruction. As deeper and deeper he travelled into the strange, wild, lonely place he felt more and more the need of a companion. He knew absolutely nothing of the character of the region, and at best he could only guess at the probable distance to the springs. He hardly knew what has to be feared, but Keefe would have been more comfertable had he had more day inchange when him.

Suddenly his front wheel went down, and

prised at the nate of the visitors. Chanton told the miners his story as sincerely and eloquently as he could. The miners were all Irishmen, and Irishmen love lovers. They became partisans of the fugitives without thought or consideration. Cianton intrusted his bride to one of the miners, who took her into the bowels of the earth away from all danger. Soon the Earps arrived and demanded the fugitives. The miners answered with more spirit than politeness.

The Earps invited a parley, which the miners granted. The Earps said Clanton sought to dishonor their sister because of hatred for thim. Clanton, who stood in the tunnel, within easy communication, sent back word that the lady they sought to dishonor and reproach was his wife. The Earps tried diplomacy, which failed, and finally they announced their determination to storm the mine if the fugitives were not surrendered. The miners presented arms and announced their readiness to receive an attack. The Earps taunted them with sheltering a cow-

REPORTED HIM TO SHERMAN. It Was Rather Late, but the Union General

From the Buffolo Express. When the National Convention of Lawyers met in the West some years ago, Mr. Du Bignon was sent to represent Georgia, his native state. Being one of the rising young men of his region, he was also invited to respond to the toast, The Young Manhood of the South," at the

large banquet to be given.

The young lawyer prepared his reply with care, feeling he had done his best, which was all the bar could expect of him. His toast was the tenth in line, and the toustmaster had pronounced in distinct tones the title of the toast, and added that Mr. Fleming Du Bignon of Georgia would reply. The lawyer rose slowly to his feet, glancing as

he did so down the long double line of expectant, polite, upturned faces smiling at him, encouragng him to proceed.
His "piece" was all clearly in mind: he re-

was thinking. "Poor fellow, he doesn't know what to say."
In a quiet tone, in which, however, he felt a quiver, he commenced:
"Gentlemen, I am confounded! The advent of so noted a warrior as Gen. Sherman has made me forget every word of my speech"—the men all looked anxious and interested—"but I think you can scarcely wonder at my confusion. Georgians are so used to the fact of Gen. Sherman following them that it is enough to simply paralyze any one of them to be asked to follow the General." There was a pause for an instant over the young fellow's audacity, and then the room rang with appreciative applause of his excellent wit.

leaned over their plates and immediately

Men leaned over their plates and immediately fixed themselves into attitudes of interest. They at once perceived that at least an original young chap was going to speak.

Mr. Du Bignon felt the personal magnetism he had excited redect on himself, and continued with more assurance.

He said that he would tell a story about the young manhood of the South, the very young manhood, including his first impressions of Gen. Sherman.

IDEAS GIVEN TO SOCIETY.

THAT IS THE PURPOSE OF A BUREAU

WHICH HAS JUST BEEN STARTED,

Miss Ella Garrison Ready to Take All Trouble Uff the Shoulders of a Hostess-The Eureau of Social Requirements, "My dear," says Mr. Charlton Judd, "we really ought to give a card party or a reception or semething. We've been uoing and geing ever since we moved here, and it's time we returned

some of the courtesies we have received." "Yes, of course we must," agrees the feminine dear appealed to. "I feel that we can't put it off any longer, but I dread it. There's so much to think of and arrange, If the entertain ment is to be an entire success. There are the table decorations, the china, the flowers, and the menu. If we have dancing, there are the favors to be arranged, or else we must have somebody to sing or read or do something to entertain the guests. Then I must have a new gown, and the girls, too. It seems a terrible un-dertaking, but I suppose I must go through with ft!" and the prospective hostess sighs as she thinks of her many responsibilities.

The time has come when Mrs. Charlton Judd or Mrs. Anybody Else who wishes to entertain may do so without giving herself the slightest trouble. She has simply to apply to the "Bureau of Social Requirements," put the affair in the hands of its managers, and the dinner, tea, cottllon, or reception will come off without further effort on her part. In starting this bureau Miss Ella Garrison entered a new field in the range of occupations for women. There are caterers, of course, and scores of florists ready to do their part toward the success of a private entertainment; but never before in New York has a hostess been able to resign to a bureau the entire management of a party, from the composition of the menu and the design for the cards of invitation, to suggestions as to her own tollet, Miss Garrison has at her command a staff of chefs ready to concect dainty dishes, and butlers whose dignified deportment will add spiendor to any entertainment. She proposes to furnish unique designs for the arrangements at weddings and to show blushing brides how to advance gracefully to the altar. She will devise ideas for children's parties and she will invent new favors for cotilions. She will furnish artists to sing, play, read, or recite for the entertainment of guests, and will undertake to think for the lady of the house regarding every detail about which the slightest concern might be felt. In short, she will take all care off the hostess's shoulders and enable her to mingle with her

guests with a light heart.

There is another branch of the Burcau of Social Requirements which will tend to relieve the mistress of many a hand-ome home of worry and responsibility. This department is described in the dainty little lavender pamphlet which the bureau sends out as "the dismantling and rearrangement of houses." When a family

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"And later on he came. Soldlers and horses in the was a seal of the soldlers would carry me away." I was earlied that the was to stay in the house for if not the soldlers would carry me away. I was made a prisoner, but owned a window, and when I saw one of the soldlers and the soldlers would an expectation to the manager of the burgar the was best to go anywhere.

"And later on he came. Soldlers and horses if the pearling element." The proper would be seen and the soldlers and the soldlers